

*Thomas Bewick*

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The Editor is indebted to the kindness of Mr. George Bouchier Richardson, of Newcastle, for the use of the above Portrait, engraved at an early period, by the late Mr. John Jackson, who was a pupil of Bewick's.

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# THE HOWDY AND THE UPGETTING.

TWO TALES  
OF  
SIXTY YEARS SIN SEYNE,

AS RELATED BY THE LATE

THOMAS BEWICK,

OF NEWCASTLE,

IN THE TYNE SIDE DIALECT.



LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR THE ADMIRERS OF NATIVE MERIT.

MDCCCL.

IMPRINTED BY SAMUEL BIRD,  
COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.  
FOR JOHN GRAY BELL, OF BEDFORD STREET, IN COVENT GARDEN,  
AFORESAID.

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THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS  
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THOMAS BEWICK,  
*The celebrated Engraver on Wood,*  
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*London, December, 1859.*



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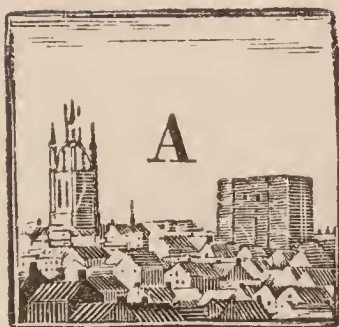
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# THE HOWDY

## IN THE TEYNE SEYDE DIALECT.

SIXTY YEARS SEYNE.

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E-HY AE-HY, kih she, yeh may say  
what yeh leyke, but Aze suer aws  
reet, aw ken weel eneugh when he  
was bwoarn, fir aw meynd, aw was up  
at the Mistrisses suon ee mworning,  
ith th' howl oh wounter, when in  
cam little Jenny runnin—Muther! Muther! sez she,

The Block for Initial letter at the commencement of this article, as also that at the tale of the Upgetting were cut by Mr. Bewick, for the Newcastle Chronicle Newspaper, and headed the Local and London News in that Paper for above twenty years, during which time, according to a calculation of the late Dr. John Murray, above two Millions of Impressions had been taken from them. The above is a view of part of Newcastle.

here cums little Andra Karr, plishplash throw the clarts, thockin and blowin, wiv his heels poppin out ov his Clogs every step, leyke tve little reed Tatees—wiv a Hares bum on his Hat and the crown ov his head and teheyteed hair stannin up throw't—poor fellow, sez the Mistriss, aw's warn a keahm hes-int been int this tve months—Andra! Andra! whats the mayteer, sez the Mistriss—is thee Muther shoutin out—eyeh that she is—ayrms aye by George! for aw heard her o th' way fra our Hoose te Roaffies Staggarth Deyke—whees there (sez th' Mistris) wey theres our Dehyim an Isbil an Barbary—an aw so oad Mary commin tappy lappy ovr the Stob-Cross-Hill—an Jack Gorfoot galloppin by Antys Garth neuk on the oad Gray Meer, wiv Mragery the Howdy behint him fit te brik their neeks—ae'yh (sez the Mistris) an aw mun away tee—whares thee Fayther, Andra (sez the Mistris) wey sez Andra, aw so him stannin at th' lown end oh the Byer, wou'v his Jasay Neet capon, an his hands in his kwoat pockets, beayth thrimptowr his Thees—an glowrin about, but aw so nowse he wis leukin at—sit doon Andra—oh the Trou Steahyn—see doon sat Andra an weypt his nwoase on ov his kwoat kuff—meayk heayst lass an bring him (poor fella) a shive oh Butter an Breed—cut him a good counge an strenkle a leapyt ov sugar ont for aw warnt he hesint brokken his fast to day.—Jack Roe was sittin o the teyme, leanin on the hud steahyn, wiv his braid shouthers



an his leg pletted oure his Yek Pleught, warmin his sel—Aehy, sez Jack, an as aw cum owre the Bwoat-Hill—aw so Jenny the Gardner with Teagnhey-bed, an sum mare sic leyke Fwoak, cummin as hard as they cud drive—God geyhd us ! sez Jack. what a rummin theyres meayhd, at sic a teyme, spechelly whare thair's ne occasion fort, amang a House-fuh of Bayrnes an Mebbies but a tehuhm cubbard for them—How monny Bayrnes hes thee Muther now, Andra, sez Jack, aw dar say this is the seevent or eight—aw think if thee Muther gans on this way, yeel hev as monny seughn, as the Boucher ov Bawwell—aw wonder how thee Fayther gets yeh o fed, sayrey man, aw dar say he hes eneeough to de to get it o deughn—Boucher o Bywell (sez the Mistris) how monny bayrnes had he—wey, sez Jack, they had twoalve, an brout them o up to men and women, an tho' they never gat owse better than thaaf keahyk, crowdie an milk, or tatees an soat—they war as reed cheekt an thriven, an leuked better than the Swires bayrnes, or ony Gentlemens on Teyneseyde. Bliss us ! (sed the Mistriss) how did they find neayhms for them o—weel eneeough (sez Jack)—there wis Will, an Mat, an Jack, an Tom—an Raney, an Gwoardy, an Roger, an Fenwick, an Jerry—an Nanny an——an Peggy.

# THE UPGETTING

## IN THE TEYNE SEYDE DIALECT.

SIXTY YEARS SEYNE.



O h! Mawlee! Oh Maw-aw-aw-lee!—how way hehaym wouth th'—thou theayks a vast oh caaling on—what do's th' want! yammering and shouting as kin yen was deaf—thous neahn deaf but was ower bissey tigten on woh Jemmy Grame the theaker lad behint the staggarth Deyke—awze sure of thee impidence! whe dos thou tig on wee Thee sell aw wonder!—wey, wey ne mare oh that, or Muther wants th' directly to gan to Peggy Hivers upgettin, meayke heayst, shes waitin.—What de yeh want Muther yer aye fashin yen wh somethin or other—aw want th' to be sharp an dress thee sell, smartly, an gang to the upgettin at Micklee. Houts Muther cannit ye gang yoursell,—aw was gannin to th' Madam's at Apperly, wh' the Young Chickins—an se ken weel enough whatever present ye give to her, yhe aye gives ye twayce as gude aghayn—aw dinnit leyke te gang amang a heep oh weyves o dresset up at seckin a pplace—Come Come maw hinney, thou mun gang, for maw shoun hes been mendin at the Coblers this Month

an mare, and thou can get on thee sisters shoun and ony thing else of her claiths—and mheyk thee sell leuk varra sprunt wouth them—an aw warnt thoul leuk as weel as the best oh them—and when thous there, meynde what their o toakin about and put in thee word leyke a woman and dinna sit there leyke steuke and sit and say nowse—Varra weel Muther A'll try what aw can de.

#### THE RETURN.

Wey hinney thous gettin heayhm aghin and dis na leuk varva pleasd come tells o whe was there and what passet amang them and how ye fared—Aw hardly know where to begin, muther, for there was sic clatterin and sic din when they o gat fairly startet—There was the skeul Maisters Weyfe—the Howdy—Tibby Bell—Jenny the Gardner, an Betty Kell—an Mary Nicholson—an some aw dident ken—an there was Posset—a good speyce suet keayk—an honey an bacon collops an frummety—aw langed for some oh the Collops, but aw gat neahyn—an what did they toak about—wey they spak about Weylam Engine—The Lairds oh Ryton—an of the great Swires Deeth ith th nwoarth the other day and the number oh fwoak that went to his Dhael—monny oh them kept crakin oh the Bayrn an tippin its cheeks wouth the're fingers th meayk it smeyle—the Howdy never gav ower cryin Gwoardy, Gwoardy, Gwoardy wheres the Bayrne hah lad gittsey, gittsey, gittsey,—an praising its Beauty—mouny oh them thrimped in

to dih the sheym and aw thout aw wad dih see tee—see aw stept up an begun ih maw turn—but G—d forgih mih, for leeing for aw thout it the *ugliest* ; *ilfardest* Bayrne aw ever so—it was blutherin and slverin leyke a drownin whelp—Betty Kell was the wisest body there sheed seen a vast o' the warld, and is an oad farvent body she spack a deal about the deeth of the Swire and his Dheal—and tell'd how after o the grandeur oh this warld it mhead ne mater, how hee Fwoak leyke him held up their heeds and thout themsels of sic consequence—a bit of spurt was mhead about them for a whyle after they deed—deeth cam to them at last an they leyke other fwoak were seun forgotten—Aye, Aye, kih Mary Nicholson thats true for the varra mwoarning after the Dhael—Nickel Urn was driving away and whistlin in his kayrt leyke a Nightengal and mheakin a' ring aghaym as kin nowse had happend—an Aws sur his Muther grat mair at the Dhael than ony body that was there an Gwoardy the Thaleur said their Christan was thare an she thout she grat as much as was decent but as for Nanny Urn she blaired out for a greet while an teuk the lead of o' the rest—The Skeul Maisters Weyfe said it was melancholly when you leukd about them, to see such numbers of yens freends constantly droppin off when they were never thinkin about it—Its varra true, sed Jenny the Gardner, for theres aw swoart of fwoak deed this year that was never

deed afwore. Betty Kell gav her sic a gleyne and see did the Skeul Mistirss—Then up spake Tibby Bell and said that she knew little mare about Weylam Engine than that when she peeped into it she thout she wad ha' been skumfeesht wi the steyth an then she set on a telling about a vast of Bayrnas that had deed without knowing ony thing about this wicked warld—aw then thout it teyme to put in maw word—an sez aw tiv her “prey ye if ye please” had your muther ever any Bayrnes, yes yeh feul ye (wi' sec a Glower) ti' be sure, or else how wad aw heh been heer, oh kiv aw, but aw was meanin your Grandmuther—aw thout she was gannin to spit at me—G—d wheyte her for a papeesh b—h for lbeheavin se to maw Bayrne—if aw had her heer aw wad iet her find how aw wad clout her lugs for her for her impidence.



